

Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

10

JOHN NELSON our Sports Recorder, is taking his microphone back through the years—back to events which have made sporting history. To-day he is at the Empire Stadium, Wembley, where the English Cup Final is being played between Arsenal and Newcastle United. It is April 23, 1932. Over to John Nelson. . . .

Sports-mike moves back to record THE GOAL THAT SHOULD NEVER HAVE COUNTED

WELL, here we are at the Wembley Stadium, all ready for the Cup Final between Arsenal and Newcastle United. It is a glorious April afternoon, with bursts of warm sunshine to remind us that in a very short time we shall be thinking of Lords and Wimbledon.

The crowd has just finished a spell of community singing. It's wonderfully impressive, always, to hear this huge gathering of 90,000 and more people singing such old favourites as "Tipperary" and "John Brown's Body," and that grand hymn, "Abide With Me." Now the band of the Royal Marines is playing.

Cup-tie crowd fever

Ah, here come the players, filing out from the dressing-rooms at the far end of the ground, with the two captains at the head of their men . . . and the referee and the two linesmen.

The referee is Mr. W. P. Harper, from Stourbridge, and it is a well-earned honour that he should be given charge of this match.

The band strikes up the National Anthem . . . King George has arrived with Queen Mary. The Queen is wearing a gown of her favourite pale blue and is sitting in the Royal Box, talking to one of her ladies-in-waiting, while the King goes on to the field of play to meet the players.

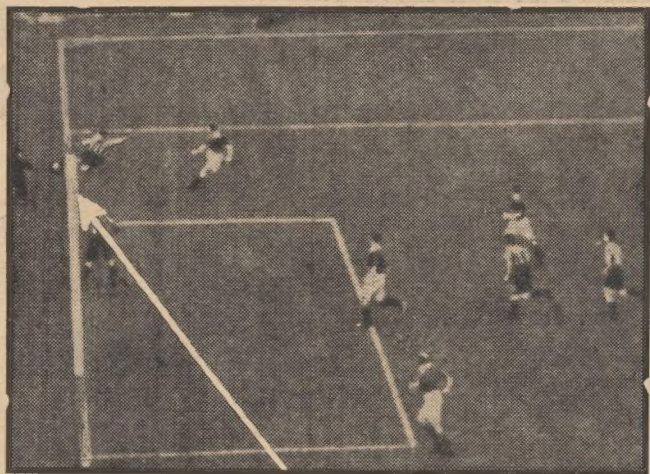
He is now shaking hands with Tom Parker, the Arsenal captain, who in turn presents the other Arsenal players. Jimmy Nelson, the Newcastle captain, and his men follow next.

While the players do their final leg-loosening "kick-about," I will read you the teams:—

Arsenal: Moss; Parker, Hapgood; Jones, Roberts; Male; Hulme, Lack, Lambert, Bastin, John.

Newcastle: McInroy; Nelson, Fairhurst; McKenzie, Davidson, Weaver; Boyd, Richardson, Allen, McMenemy, Lang.

Arsenal, unluckily for them, are without their Scottish international inside forward, Alex James, who is still suffering from an injury received soon after the semi-final tie with Manchester City. James, of course, was Arsenal's star in-



The camera never lies. There is no disputing the fact that the ball is actually over the Arsenal line. Unfortunately for Arsenal, referee Harper was not in the same deciding position as the cameraman.

side forward in the team that won the Cup two years ago.

Arsenal win the toss

The referee is calling the captains together in the centre of the field to toss for choice of ends. The coin glints in the April sunshine as he spins it . . . and Parker has called correctly. Arsenal are to begin with a slight wind behind them.

Yes, and now they're off. Allen taps the ball to McMenemy, who puts in a long, swinging cross-pass to Boyd on the right wing. Hapgood intercepts and the ball goes out of play. McKenzie is taking the throw-in.

Jones has possession now. McMenemy tries to tackle, but slips. Jones is moving up. He's passed to Jack. Jack gains a yard or two and sends Hulme away. Fairhurst goes in to tackle. Hulme centres, but Nelson comes in to clear. His kick puts the ball out of play just over the half-way line.

Now it's Newcastle's turn again. Weaver gets possession, tricks I can't quite see whom—yes, Charlie Jones—and puts over a long pass to Lang. The outside-left is racing away. Parker comes in to tackle, the ball hits his shins and glances

off for a corner to Newcastle!

Lang is taking the kick. A well-judged effort seems to leave the ball hanging in the air right in the Arsenal goal-mouth. There's a whole heap of players scrambling to get it. Moss reaches up, gathers it safely and clears with a perfect kick.

Throw-in to Arsenal just inside their own half. Jones is taking it. He flings the ball to Hulme. Hulme dodges McMenemy, whips round Weaver, and is away. He's running like a gazelle for the Newcastle goal; Fairhurst is moving up to challenge. Hulme centres perfectly.

And—

Goal!

First Blood for Londoners

Arsenal have scored. John scored for Arsenal from a pass by Hulme. A brilliant piece of work by Hulme—a player about whose fitness the Arsenal were doubtful until a few days ago.

Score after 12 minutes: Arsenal 1; Newcastle 0.

Arsenal players are crowding round John and Hulme with their congratulations. The red rosettes in the crowd are in full bloom.

McInroy looks dejected as he retrieves the ball from the back of the Newcastle net.

Arsenal can do nothing wrong now. Jones and Jack are continually feeding Hulme with passes, and the winger's speed is clearly troubling Newcastle.

But those Newcastle half-backs are a steady influence. Davidson is giving Lambert few chances, and Weaver and McKenzie are mustard in their tackling. McKenzie has just robbed Bastin and sent Allen away. The burly centre-forward sweeps aside two Arsenal men who attempt to tackle, and thunders on.

Looks dangerous, this, but—his final shot was taken too hastily and the ball sails harmlessly over the Arsenal cross-bar.

Nearing half-time now. Arsenal still leading by that single goal. But wait, this looks interesting. McKenzie has sent Boyd away on the Newcastle right wing. Male is beaten, but he is up again and off in pursuit.

Allen produces equaliser

Boyd is going right on, right up to the corner flag. No, he's cutting in. He's almost to the goal-line now. It looks from here as if the ball has gone out of play. . . .

No, he's centred. He's hooked it back, and Allen, following up, has scored. His shot gave Moss no chance to save. Newcastle have equalised.

Five minutes from half-time and the scores are level.

Arsenal 1; Newcastle 1.

The Arsenal are protesting. They want Mr. Harper to consult the linesman. But Mr. Harper is adamant. He's satisfied that it was a legitimate goal. He was some way from Boyd, but in quite a good position to see.

And it's half-time, with the score:—

Arsenal 1; Newcastle 1.

Those Newcastle half-backs, grand tacklers, all of them, are cutting across the Arsenal forwards like biting East winds. It's they who are dominating the game.

Arsenal are away again, and this movement looks promising. Bob John on the left wing has made the opening, and he's given Jack a glorious pass. Jack takes the ball in his stride and is running on. This looks like a goal . . . but Jack shoots weakly at McInroy as the goalkeeper comes out. Arsenal missed a great chance there.

Continued on Page 3.



Ginger Rogers, 20th Century Fox star, says "Good Morning" to our readers.

THE "average" motion picture has a single producer, one or two writers, one or two stars, and three or four featured players; but 20th Century-Fox's multiple-starred story, "Tales of Manhattan," is not, in any sense of the word, an "average" picture.

It hasn't one producer, but two; not two writers, but ten! (all of them top-rankers); not two stars, but nine; not three or four featured players, but 28!

Truly, "Tales of Manhattan," now at the Warner Theatre, Leicester Square, is not a pearl necklace, but a diamond tiara.

The film revolves around a dress suit, which originates as the property of a rich and handsome actor, and, after high, low and comic adventures, ends up as the wardrobe of a scarecrow in a negro share-cropper's garden.

The top-flight talent from every studio in Hollywood is collected in the stars of this unique film, who are: Charles Boyer, Rita Hayworth, Ginger Rogers, Henry Fonda, Charles Laughton, Edward G. Robinson, Paul Robeson, Ethel Waters, and "Rochester."

Just a few of the featured players, many of whom are stars in their own productions, are: Thomas Mitchell, Eugene Pallette, Cesar Romero, Gail Patrick, Roland Young, Elsa Lanchester, George Sanders, and James Gleason.

With such a cast, such a diversity of talent, such a story, "Tales of Manhattan" cannot fail to entertain someone all the time.

Direction is by Julien Duvi-

vier.

NOW at the Victoria Palace is "La-di-Da-di-Da," a new musical farce, written by Stanley Lupino.

In the starlight is Lupino Lane, and opposite him, playing Greta Digbat, is Greta Fayne.

If the popularity of the try-out at Blackpool is any criterion, the show should enjoy a very long and successful run at Victoria.

Rich in the special dialogue by Barry Lupino and Arty Ash, and with Mantovani and his Orchestra occupying the intervals, there is not a dull moment. A highlight is a speciality by Noni and Nita, the famous clowns.

ONE of the youngest of the "50 Ambitioneers" in George Black's "Strike a New Note," at the Prince of Wales

Theatre, is 16-year-old Pauline Black, the producer's daughter.

Making her stage debut, Pauline has only a few lines, but, in common with the majority of these stars of to-morrow, she is making good.

Another very attractive Miss, and also the daughter of a celebrity, is Theresa Henderson, daughter of the Yorkshire comedian, Dick Henderson.

Two others who may catch your eye are Johannesburg-born Zoe Gale and Tom Linden, both of whom are 19. These two starlets knew each other in South Africa and went to school together. They won several dancing competitions back home, and had not met for several years until George Black re-introduced them during rehearsals of "Strike a New Note."

A film I would thoroughly recommend is "The Silver Fleet," showing at the Leicester Square Theatre.

There is little chance of seeing it in the provinces yet; general release is not even talked of up to now.

Esmond Knight, who was blinded when he was a lieutenant in the Royal Navy, is superb, and in spite of his affliction he is the most impressive film Nazi I have ever seen. Ralph Richardson and Google Withers, also in the starlight, are splendid.

I warn you, though, don't wait for a happy ending. You won't get it.

Two snappy song numbers by Lieut. Vivian Ellis, R.N.V.R., are included in the new Coliseum show, "It's Foolish, But It's Fun."

Greatest draw, of course, is the crazy pair, Nervo and Knox, who lead the revue; there are, however, other names that will bring the coppers to the Coliseum money-box.

The Dormonde Brothers excel in their monocycling act, and Bruce Carfax sings well. Pamela Foster, too, should be congratulated for her exquisite dancing.

Betty Driver is definitely my type, and she may be yours, too. I give top marks. No doubt the picturesque stage pictures and music by Chopin and Mendelssohn will be a great attraction.

Behind the scenes are such names as Prince Littler, who presents the show, and Douglas Furber, the author-producer.

Commander Ramble's

A "matey" spirit.—Meaning "friendly, almost affectionate." Derived from the well-known comradeship that has for so long existed between the Royal Navy and dockyard hands.

The Lorelei.—See "Phantom Mermaid."

Rum.—The source of the Royal Navy's offensive spirit and of its punch.

The beginnings of the slave trade.—Started by Captain John Hawkins, of Devon. Carried on, since, in most newspaper offices.

EDUCATION MADE EASY

Arranged by ODO DREW

Who were the Sallee Rovers?—Pirates who used to carry out sallies in galleys on merchantmen in the Mediterranean. When they once penetrated to the Straits of Dover, Purcell wrote the dirge, "Sallee in our alley."

The Phantom Mermaid.—See "Gremlin."

What is the "mare nostrum"?—A former dream of Mussolini's. Now become a nightmare to him.

Where did the idea of sailors having "a wife in every port" come from?—A simple and very shy seaman of the early 18th century was very fond of the opposite sex. He used to buy all his female acquaintances glasses of port, hoping thereby to arouse amatory feelings in their bosoms. Pulling his leg, his comrades used to say that he saw "a wife in every port." Hence came, before long, the unfortunate idea that sailors generally were inconstant.

Gremlin.—See "Lorelei."

NO DOUBT!

"Our regiment was the first to enter Bethlehem in the last war," boasted the Yorkshireman. "A bet t'shepherds watched their flocks that neet," retorted the lad frae Lancashire.

Periscope Page

GIVE IT A NAME
Let's have the best title
your crew can devise for
this picture.



Take a Tip on SNOOKER

By **JOE DAVIS**

ONE thing you ought to know is that, unless you're a professional, or at least an amateur of championship class at billiards or snooker, you hardly ever strike the cue ball where you think you do. What I mean is that most players generally apply some side to their ball without knowing it.

It's much more difficult to strike your ball dead centre than you think it is, and I might tell you that whenever I have laid off playing for a few weeks—as, for instance, during the summer, or when travelling abroad—my first and most important exercises in practice consist simply of pushing the ball up and down the table from the baulk line. I am training myself to strike the ball dead centre. Really dead centre—not a sixteenth of an inch to either side of centre.

Of course, I am also acquiring sense of touch and strength at the same time, but central hitting is the most important thing. You know what side does, don't you? With a slow or medium shot it causes the cue ball to swerve, and it also makes it take a different angle off the cushion. Side in billiards is extremely useful. In snooker, most players would be much better off if they took the pledge never to use it—they'd certainly pot more balls!

So my tip to-day is to concentrate on striking dead centre. If you use stun, strike just below middle, and if you use screw, hit low, but, in all cases, keep the cue on a vertically central line.

QUIZ for today

Which is Correct?

1. A HERD of—Sheep, Ponies, Wolves?
2. A NEST of—Foxes, Hares, Rabbits?
3. A SKULK of—Hogs, Foxes, Bears?
4. A TROOP of—Ponies, Hounds, Monkeys?
5. A PACE of—Lions, Cattle, Asses?
6. A SOUNDER of—Leopards, Hogs, Goats?
7. A PACK of—Deer, Puppies, Wolves?
8. A HERD of—Cranes, Doves, Rooks?
9. A NIDE OF—Peacocks, Nightingales, Pheasants?
10. A BEVY of—Grouse, Snipe, Quails?
11. A BENCH of—Directors, Horsemen, Bishops?
12. A BATCH of—Eggs, Poultry, Bread?
13. A GALAXY of—Cars, Trees, Stars?
14. A TROUPE of—Cavalry, Dancers, Savages?
15. A PRIDE of—Buffaloes, Lions, Tigers?
16. A MUSTER of—Cranes, Peacocks, Partridges?
17. A SLOUTH of—Pigs, Bears, Hares?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

1. Vic Oliver.
2. Sandy Powell.
3. Jack Payne.
4. Harry Roy.
5. Ambrose.
6. Reginald Dixon.
7. Henry Hall.
8. Clapham and Dwyer.
9. "Happidrome"—Harry Korris, "Enoch" and "Ramsbottom."
10. Tommy Handley.
11. The late Billy Bennett.
12. Claud Dampier.
13. Max Miller.
14. Ronald Frankau.
15. George Robey.
16. Norman Long.
17. Arthur Tracey.
18. Wee Georgie Wood.
19. Ethel Revnell and Gracie West.
20. Vera Lynn.

Answer to Buying Apples

There were six children, three boys and three girls. They each received three apples—two at three a penny and one at two a penny, the cost of which would be exactly sevenpence.

NEMO OF THE NAUTILUS

Adapted from the Novel by Jules Verne

AS Captain Nemo spoke he opened the opposite door to the one by which we had entered the library, and I passed into an immense and brilliantly-lighted saloon. It was a vast four-sided room, with panelled walls, measuring thirty feet by eighteen, and about fifteen feet high. A luminous ceiling, decorated with light arabesques, distributed a soft, clear light over all the marvels collected in the museum.

About thirty pictures by the first artists, uniformly framed and separated by brilliant drapery, were hung on tapestry of severe design. The different schools of the old masters were represented by a Madonna by Raphael, a Virgin by Leonardo da Vinci, a nymph by Correggio, an Assumption by Murillo, a portrait by Holbein, etc. The amazement which the captain of the *Nautilus* had predicted had already begun to take possession of me.

"Sir," I cried, "without seeking to know who you are, may I be allowed to recognise in you an artist?"

"Only an amateur, sir. Formerly I liked to collect these works of art. These are my last gatherings from that world which is now dead to me. In my eyes your modern artists are already old; they have two or three thousand years of existence, and all masters are of the same age in my mind."

"And these musicians?" said I, pointing to the works of Weber, Rossini, Mozart, Beethoven, Haydn, Meyerbeer, Hérold, Wagner, Auber, Gounod, and many others, scattered over a large piano-organ fixed in one of the panels of the room.

"These musicians," answered Captain Nemo, "are contemporaries of Orpheus, for all chronological differences are effaced in the memory of the dead; and I am dead, as much dead as those of your friends who are resting six feet under the earth!"

Captain Nemo ceased talking, and seemed lost in a profound reverie.

I respected his meditation, and went on passing in review the curiosities that enriched the saloon. They consisted principally of marine plants, shells, and other productions of the ocean, which must have been found by Captain Nemo himself. In the centre of the saloon rose a jet of water lighted up by electricity, and falling into a basin formed of a single tridacne shell, measuring about seven yards in circumference.

Apart and in special apartments

were spread out chaplets of pearls of the greatest beauty, which the electric light pricked with points of fire; pink pearls, torn from the pinnamarina of the Red Sea; green pearls from the haliotide iris; yellow, blue, and black pearls, the curious productions of different molluscs from every ocean, and certain mussels from the watercourses of the North; lastly, several specimens of priceless value, which had been gathered from the rarest pintadines.

It was impossible to estimate the worth of this collection. I was asking myself from whence he had drawn the money to gratify his fancy for collecting, when I was interrupted by these words:—

"You are examining my shells, professor. They certainly must be interesting to a naturalist, but for me they have a greater charm, for I have collected them all myself, and there is not a sea on the face of the globe that has escaped my search."

"I understand, captain—I understand the delight of moving amongst such riches. There is not a museum in Europe that possesses such a collection of marine products. But if I exhaust all my admiration upon it, I shall have none left for the vessel that carries it. I do not wish to penetrate into your secrets, but I must confess that this *Nautilus* excites my utmost curiosity. I see hung on the walls of this room instruments the use of which I ignore."

"When I told you that you were free on board my vessel, I meant that every portion of the *Nautilus*

was open to your inspection. The instruments you will see in my room, professor, where I shall have much pleasure in explaining their use to you. But come and look at your own cabin."

I followed Captain Nemo, who conducted me aft, and there I found, not a cabin, but an elegant room with a bed, toilette-table, and several other articles of furniture.

"Your room is next to mine," said he, opening a door; "and mine opens into the saloon we have just left."

I entered the captain's room; it had a severe, almost monkish aspect. A small iron bedstead, an office desk, some articles of toilet—all lighted by a strong light. There were no comforts, only the strictest necessities.

Captain Nemo pointed to a seat. "Pray sit down," he said.

"Sir," said Captain Nemo, showing me the instruments hung on the walls of the room, "here are the instruments necessary for the navigation of the *Nautilus*. Here, as in the saloon, I have them always before me, and they indicate my position and exact direction in the midst of the ocean. You are acquainted with some of them—the thermometer, for instance; the barometer, foretelling changes in the weather; the hygrometer, for indicating the degree of dryness in the atmosphere; the storm-glass, the contents of which decompose at the approach of tempests; the compass, the sextant; chronometers; and, lastly, the glasses for day and night, which I use to examine the horizon when

How to write Short Stories

No. 1

By C. Gordon Glover

I HAVE been asked to perform, in seven short instalments, the task of telling any who may be interested how to write a short story. This task I consider to be infinitely more difficult than what it is planned to lead up to—namely, the writing of short stories themselves. Writing them is a job of mine, but writing about them is not.

I once launched out upon—at the request of a learned friend who was proposing to edit a new cultural quarterly—an elaborate survey of the short story in general. Why was Maupassant as he was? In what respects did he differ from O. Henry. How did the Russians, in abiding by few of the "rules," produce their masterpieces? In all, my disquisition, though impressive, was inconclusive and unhelpful, and at the end of it I realised that, as in all art, the writing

of short fiction—and great fun it is—could be performed in as many ways as there were writers to perform it. Provided, of course, that the principal object of the short story was always borne in mind.

This object is that of all miniaturists—to pinpoint an occasion, a mood, a situation, or a human emotion, and set it against the big background of life in general. Every word must count, and there must be no dead wood—or words! If, for example, you are tempted to launch into a purple passage about sunset over the old cottage garden, it must be resisted strongly, unless the purple passage is really necessary to produce atmosphere.

A short while ago I wrote a short, short story. Knowing that it was my job to interest my readers at once, and without preamble, I proceeded in the first sentence to acquaint them with the immediate setting of the scene (the scene was important in this story) and its past history (which was equally important in this story).

Consequently I crashed into this tale, as follows: "Once upon a time the great house had belonged to an eccentric English nobleman who had had a fancy for six months each year to forsake the stucco splendours of his great London house and live by the wild shores of Cornwall."

extreme rapidity of movement which does not well agree with the power of electricity. Until now its dynamic force has been very restricted, and has only produced little power."

"Professor," answered Captain Nemo, "my electricity is not everybody's, and you will permit me to withhold any further information."

"I will not insist, sir; I will content myself with being astonished at such wonderful results. A single question, however, I will ask. The elements which you employ to produce this marvellous agent must necessarily be soon consumed. The zinc, for instance, that you use—how do you obtain a fresh supply? You now have no communication with the land!"

(Continued to-morrow)

the *Nautilus* rises to the surface of the waves."

"Yes," I answered. "But I see others that doubtless answer the peculiar requirements of your vessel. That dial with a movable needle is a manometer, is it not?"

"Yes; by communication with the water it indicates the exterior pressure and gives our depth at the same time."

"And these sounding-lines of a novel kind?"

"They are thermometric, and give the temperature of the different depths of water."

"And these other instruments?"

"Here I ought to give you some explanation, professor. There is a powerful, obedient, rapid, and easy agent which lends itself to all uses, and reigns supreme here. Electricity!"

"Yet, captain, you possess an

PUZZLE BOX

Can you fill in the missing numbers in this simple multiplication sum?

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  2 8 3 5
x 3 4 0 2
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3 9 6 9

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  4 3 3, 7 7 5

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Cut this square of figures into four pieces and put them together again in such a way that each line, column and the two diagonals total 34.

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8	10	4	9
11	6	16	2
14	3	13	7

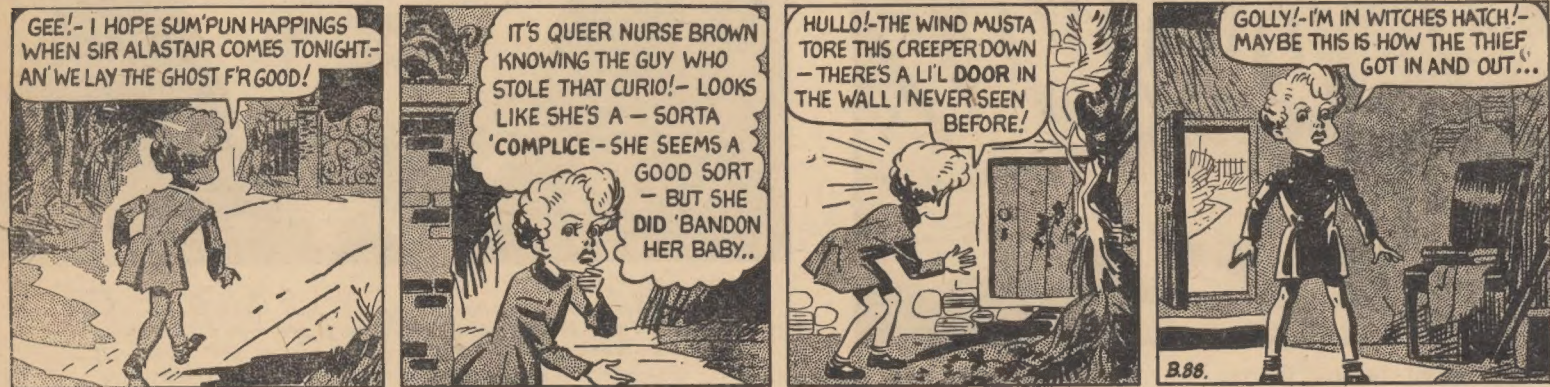
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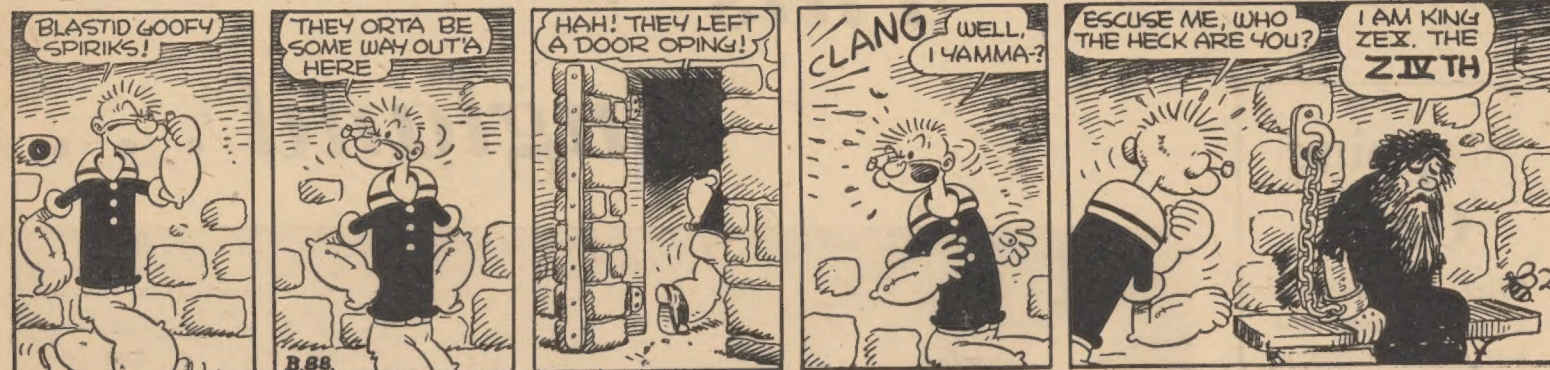
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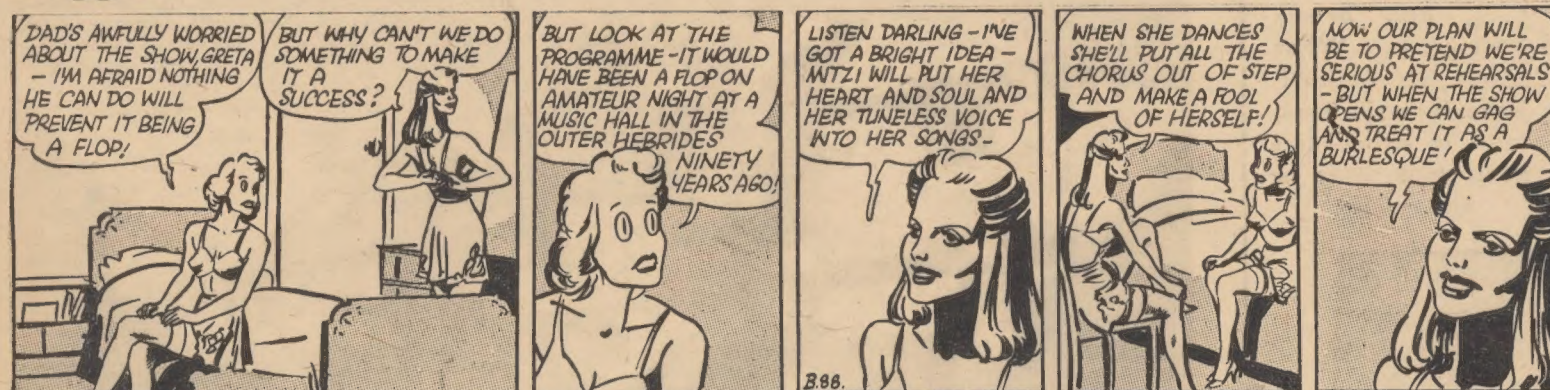
Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



THE GOAL THAT SHOULD NEVER HAVE COUNTED

Continued from page 1.

Newcastle are attacking once more. Their half-backs are doing grand work. Allen, after that first goal of his, is becoming a real thorn in Arsenal's side. There he goes again in one of those storming runs of his, and his shot was only inches wide, too. Newcastle are well on top now.

Roberts has overkicked the ball - he doesn't often do THAT - and Allen is clean away. This looks like a goal - and a goal it is. Allen shot past Moss as the goalkeeper came out, and Newcastle lead by two goals to one. Newcastle 2; Arsenal 1. Allen has scored both Newcastle's goals after John had drawn first blood for the Arsenal.

Desperate Arsenal

Not long to go now . . . and Arsenal are clearly rattled. Only some great work by Moss, Hapgood and Jones is keeping Newcastle out. . . . Moss has just dived full-length to save a stinging drive from Boyd.

Arsenal are making one of their spasmodic attacks now

—and, oh! what a chance! Jack had the ball when McInroy was out of his goal, but he tapped it a yard outside the goalpost.

It is too late. Newcastle have won by two goals to one. Newcastle 2; Arsenal 1.

POSTSCRIPT.

So Arsenal, the wonder team, failed in their bid to win the Cup for the second time in three years. While their supporters were returning down-hearted to their homes, cameramen were developing a movie-film in London. It was a movie-film of the match.

And it showed clearly that the ball was a good nine inches over the goal-line when Boyd centred for the equalising goal. The goal that should never have counted.

The film was shown later to F.A. Officials. They agreed that the goal was, in fact, not a goal at all. But the score still stood. . . .

The referee's decision is final.

HEARD THIS ONE ?

Their ship was torpedoed and sank, but two Scotsmen managed to clamber on to a raft.

Adrift in the stormy sea, Angus began to pray. "I ken I've broken maist of Thy Commandments, but if I'm spared this time I promise—"

Here Andrew interrupted him. "I wouldna commit yersel' ower far, Angus," said he. "I think I see land."

They were sailing through the fog bank somewhere in the North Sea.

"Never mind, Jock," said the optimist, "somewhere the sun is shining."

"Aye," agreed Jock dourly, "and there's land under the sea, but it disnae help ye if ye fall overboard."

The bus conductor pointed to the "No Smoking" notice. "Can't you read?" he said, crushingly.

"Sure I can read," retorted the American soldier, continuing to puff away at his cigarette, "but it says over there, 'Wear Snugfit Corsets.' . . . I should worry about your goddamn notices."

The village policeman had been asked if he would help to prevent a little evacuated boy from swearing. So when he met the boy in the street he remarked, "I'm surprised to hear that a nice little fellow like you should use such wicked words."

"Who told you about it?" asked the boy.

"Ah," said the policeman, "a little bird told me."

The boy looked indignant. "The tell-tales," he exclaimed, "and to think I give bread-crumbs to the little — every morning."

Sandy, on leave, was broke. All he possessed was a penny—and a gigantic thirst.

He wandered up and down outside the public-house for some time, finally entering just as a customer had been handed a large whisky-and-soda.

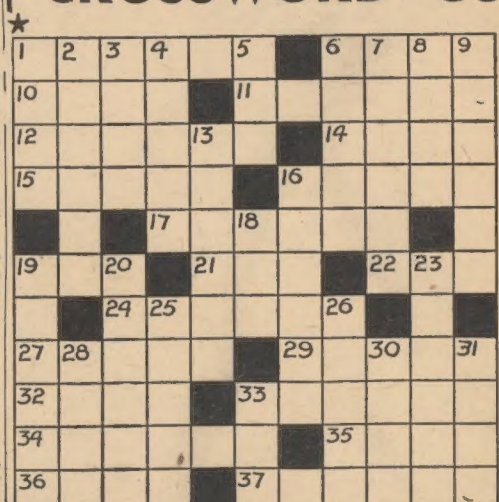
"Bet you a penny I can drink your whisky without you seeing me," he challenged.

"Done," replied the other. Sandy picked up the glass, drained it, and put it down.

"But I saw you drink it," said the victim.

"Aye," replied Sandy, "here's your penny—you've won."

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Engineer.
- 6 Foolish.
- 10 Ship's frame.
- 11 Empower.
- 12 Be plentiful.
- 14 Unsubstantial.
- 15 Girl's name.
- 16 Long, narrow view.
- 17 Took long steps.
- 19 Drink.
- 21 Pungent.
- 22 Speck.
- 24 Of vinegar.
- 27 Open.
- 29 Manservant.
- 32 Bones.
- 33 Kind of sheep.
- 34 Affirm.
- 35 Change direction.
- 36 Dregs.
- 37 Tendencies.

Solution to Yesterday's Problem.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Feign.
- 2 Musical dawn.
- 3 Trudge.
- 4 Stoppers.
- 5 Colour.
- 6 Boy's name.
- 7 Humiliated.
- 8 Pass rapidly.
- 9 Rent payer.
- 13 Lower.
- 16 Offered because of vow.
- 18 Non-sense.
- 19 More than one.
- 20 Voluble talk.
- 23 Undid.
- 25 Instances.
- 26 Out.
- 28 Egypt's long river.
- 30 Creditor's right to possess.
- 31 Rocky peaks.
- 33 Encountered.

BEGAN PAW
WAN DONEGAL
ANCHOR DOVE
STAIN RAGED
P SNIVEL L
SHEDS C FEW
E R BASUTO
CATAPULTS R
UPON LEASED
PENCIL LEVY
DYE SUEDE

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

CUB(BOARD) LOVE



Looks very much as though Mamma has been laying down the law. You can almost hear Shorty saying to big brother: "Keep it up, old boy, she's sure to soften." Cunning? We'll say it is, but personally we'd prefer either of the girls on this page when it comes to "cheek-to-cheek" stuff.



Just spray-splashed . . . pretty rough crossing; but she signed for any job which comes her way, and likes it—so what? No doubt you HAVE some thrilling yarns you'd like to spin. But the liberty boat has lots more customers. Sorry, but that's how it goes . . . and charming W.R.E.N. with it.

This England . . .

Stepping Out?

With Jinx Falkenburg putting her best foot forward. There's an arm there going begging, and pretty inviting, too. What about it, Sailor? Take it easy, boys, take it easy—and keep your place in the queue.



Thaxted, Essex. Well known for its quaint houses and sixteenth-century Jacobean Guildhall. Though its fame as headquarters of the cutlery trade has vanished with the centuries, time has only added to its gait of unhurried content. Dick Turpin found temporary safety in the house with the tall chimney, and no doubt great excitement has since rocked the neighbourhood, but Thaxted embraces it as part of life, and tells the children to revel in the sunshine ere they play their part in its history.

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

